

THE Golden Echo

English Department

College of St. Teresa

Kansas City, Missouri

Contents

SHORT STORIES	PAGE
The Snowbird Kay Leitner, '61.....	10
Amigo Mio.....Eleanor Fraas, '61.....	23
Illustrated by Sharon Hale	
The Desecration Marian O'Brien, '62.....	28
Worth Writing About.....Anna Jane Wright, '61.....	36

POETRY

A Gamble.....Kay Leitner, '61.....	9
Aptitude Test.....Nancy Schmitz, '60.....	18
The Juvenescence of the Year..Nancy Schmitz, '60.....	22
Fragile Kay Leitner, '61.....	27
Illustrated by Anita Hernandez	
Hullaballo of Azillabazee.....Pat Turpin, '60.....	32
Short Lines Kay Leitner, '61.....	31

ESSAYS

Out of Touch with Reality.....Marie Light, '60.....	15
The Backward Glance.....Grace Bartholome, '63.....	19
My Memories of War.....Saisamorn Songsiridet, '60.....	34

A CRITICAL STUDY

A Look at Poetry Through Poetry.....Frances Spruill, '60.....	2
--	---

The Golden Echo

*"Give Beauty back to God,
Beauty's Self and Beauty's Giver"*

WINTER, 1960

VOL. XIII, NO. 1

Editor.....NANCY SCHMITZ
Artist.....ANITA HERNANDEZ
Advisor.....SISTER MARCELLA MARIE

STAFF

KAY LEITNER

ANNA JANE WRIGHT

MARIE LIGHT

English Department
College of St. Teresa
Kansas City, Missouri

A Look at Poetry Through Poetry

"Say that it is the serenade

Of a man that plays a blue guitar."

I AM interested in what is known as "the artist's problem." I am not certain that the points I intend to investigate are actually any "problem" to the artist, but I do believe that these questions often occur to an artist. I have chosen the poet to be the artist with the problem. Perhaps this problem is more significant to the poet since he often is driven to defend his art, poetry. For example, Sidney, Shelley, and Coleridge have championed the Muse of Poetry. Thus we see that the manifestations and perhaps the answers to his problem are often evident in any prose writing the poet may do. However, I will explore only his poetry for his expression of his problem as an artist.

Does the poet look on himself as an "unacknowledged legislator of the world" as Shelley asserts? Or, less extravagantly, does he believe himself a prophet or priest? a teacher? a renovator of the language?

Does the poet believe that his work is worthwhile? How does

he consider the public in relation to his work? Does he feel the public "appreciates" his effort and the effects of this effort?

The answers to some of these questions may be found in the poem of one of the modern Romantics, Dylan Thomas. One of his poems, entitled, "In My Craft or Sullen Art," quieted some of my curiosity but raised more questions. Why does Thomas refer to his writing of poetry as a craft or art? I think this question is answered in the words themselves. His poetry at times is only craft, but in some instances rises above mere craft to a "sullen art," an art which is sluggish and apathetic. This idea is emphasized by the words "I labour." His poetry is not an avocation or a pleasant pastime. Rather it is an arduous job, which requires enthusiasm and drudgery to create a poem that itself is not sluggish, but seems to unfold as easily and naturally as a blooming tulip.

For what reason does Dylan Thomas choose to submit himself to this work? His answer is:

When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.
(italics added)

He declares that his purpose in writing is not for any other reason but the "common wages" of the "secret heart" of lovers. So now again, another question, what are these "common wages"? The use of the singular "heart" and the word "common" lead me to ask what is it that lovers share? In this case the answer is love or perhaps it is better to say a deep affection or concern or some sort of identification with the one loved. I conclude that Thomas writes so that he may share in this love. But still this answer does not seem complete. The poet further explains his reason in the next lines. "Not for the proud man apart" or "Not for the towering dead . . . / But for the lovers" does he write. Now it becomes clear that Thomas does not seek the same love the lovers share but rather the closeness that human hearts are capable of but do not accomplish in our "modern" age. He does

not write for the dead because, of course, they are no longer concerned with the living, nor for the "proud man apart" simply because he is apart; because he cannot enter into a meaningful relation with another human being as lovers do. So, this is Dylan Thomas' purpose in writing: that he may gain a good union with fellow human beings.

Although it is foolish to say that Thomas is indifferent if his poetry is read and appreciated, he himself states that the audience he writes for, the lovers, is comprised of those "Who pay no praise or wages/Nor heed my craft or art." Thus it seems that Thomas writes for his own personal enjoyment and fulfillment rather than for recognition and applause.

Another poet who speaks of lovers, though not in the same way as Dylan Thomas does, is William Butler Yeats. His poem, "Sailing to Byzantium," deals with the problem of the artist.

Just as did Dylan Thomas, Yeats charges that lovers are not interested in poetry. "Caught in that sensual music all neglect/Monuments of unageing intellect." However, this distresses Yeats. Yeats decides to leave the country of "those dying generations" to go to Byzantium. He will trade nature for the artificial—that which has been made—the art product. He pleads:

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity

Yeats differs greatly from Thomas who desires to be close to other men.

When Yeats enters Byzantium he will take on the form of a golden bird so that he may sing "To the lords and ladies of Byzantium/Of what is past, or passing, or to come." Yeats wants to escape the world that is "begotten, born, and dies," that does not comprehend and applaud the poet so that he can sing to the Byzantine people who will appreciate him. Singing "Of what is past, or passing, or to come," the poet conceives himself as a prophet and a storyteller. Yeats believes that his work is very important but is unheeded in the world in which he lives.

In another poem, "Byzantium," Yeats refers to the task of the poet.

The smithies break the flood,
The golden smithies of the Emperor!
Marbles of the dancing floor
Break bitter furies of complexity . . .

The poet is the smithy. "The flood" refers to life with its chaos and confusion. The poet halts life, takes a picture of it, as it were. He permits us to see life a little at a time; he helps us to understand life. The marbles that are made by the smithy are poems. The "bitter furies of complexity" are again the happenings of life. The poem is the vehicle the poet uses to stop the "flood" and tell us what life is.

It is an interesting sidelight that Thomas says, "I labour by *singing* light" and Yeats says, "And be the *singing*-masters of my soul." (*italics added*) The poem thus becomes some sort of song. This further carries out the image of the bird, the poet-singer.

Similarly, Wallace Stevens uses the symbol of a musical instrument as a force in the poetical process. I will quote stanzas from "The Man with the Blue Guitar."

I

The Man bent over his guitar,
A shearsman of sorts. The day was green.

They said, "You have a blue guitar,
You do not play things as they are."

The man replied, "Things as they are
Are changed upon the blue guitar."

And they said then, "But play, you must,
A tune beyond us, yet ourselves.

A tune upon the blue guitar
Of things exactly as they are."

First, the man is described as a "shearsman of sorts." A shearsman is one who clips something from something else. In this case, the shearsman is the poet who clips poetry from life. It is at his guitar that he is a shearsman. Thus the guitar becomes symbolic of the poetic imagination. While at the guitar he plucks out tunes, as the poet composes his poems.

The impersonal pronoun "they" demonstrates that the public

is not an active force in the creative process in any way. This fact is emphasized in the second stanza when the man answers their charge that he play "Of things exactly as they are." He says that he "*cannot* bring a world quite round." It is not what the public desires that the poet writes. He must be true to his art and its purpose and limitations.

Poetry is not an exact reflection of life and Stevens realizes this fact. "Things as they are/Are changed upon the blue guitar." The poetic imagination uses knowledge and feelings "clipped" from life and in some way changes these clippings. They are necessarily changed by the art of poetry. The second stanza explains from the poet's point of view his activity on these clippings.

II

I cannot bring a world quite round,
Although I patch it as I can.

I sing a hero's head, large eye
A bearded bronze, but not a man,

Although I patch him as I can
And reach through him almost to man.

If to serenade almost to man
Is to miss, by that, things as they are,

Say that it is the serenade
Of a man that plays a blue guitar.

He says the poet "cannot" recreate the world exactly although he "patches" it. I disagree at this point with Stevens. Rather the poet recreates a new world using pieces of the known world. He puts these patches together in a new and often illuminating order. He turns away from the world, and speaks of the man he creates. This man is merely parts and patches; he is held together by no cohesive force. Therefore the poet reaches "through him almost to man"—the essence or principle of man—but the almost is not enough. This, states Stevens, is the poem: that which is a "serenade almost to man."

For Stevens, the poet is not to recreate factually either man or his world as we learned in the second stanza. In the third stanza his beliefs are stated.

III

Ah, but to play man number one,
To drive the dagger in his heart,

To lay his brain upon the board
And pick the acrid colors out,

To nail his thought across the door,
Its wings spread wide to rain and snow,

To strike his living hi and ho,
To tick it, tock it, turn it true,

To bang it from a savage blue,
Jangling the metal of the strings . . .

The first line tells us what the poet is—"man number one"—a god who directs the destinies of his creatures. The poet deals in the experiences of men rather than in man. He examines life "To tick it, tock it, turn it true." As Yeats, Stevens would stop life and set it straight. He gives us the opportunity to gain a perspective and see order where there appears to be none.

In the fourth stanza Stevens asserts the tunes he plays are as real as "life."

IV

So that's life, then: things as they are?
It picks its way on the blue guitar.

A million people on one string?
And all their manner in the thing.

And all their manner, right and wrong,
And all their manner, weak and strong?

The feelings crazily, craftily call,
Like a buzzing of flies in autumn air,

And that's life, then: things as they are,
This buzzing of the blue guitar.

We cannot deny this, as they are real but in a different way from life.

Leaving Stevens I go on to Ezra Pound who has not the ludicity of the former, at least in this area of inquiry. The short poem, "II," from the collection, "Hugh Selwyn Mauberly," describes Pound's attitude toward the modern audience. The "age demanded" a reflection of its own times which, for Pound, is not worth the poet's trouble. For him, this age is a time of falsehoods: "Better mendacities/Than the classics in paraphrase!" The times

have no gracefulness or depth. True worth is unvalued. All is in flux and motion.

The "age demanded" chiefly a mould in plaster,
Made with no loss of time,
A prose kinema . . .

The word "prose" makes me think that poetry being too difficult for the modern mind is neglected in this age.

Later I read Pound's poem titled, "The Age Demanded," which words are the opening words of "II." This poem has to do with the artist and his art.

For the type of art that the moderns demand Pound believes himself unfit "As the red-beaked steeds of/The Cytheraeon for a chain bit." He is saying that he cannot write the type of poetry that his age calls for to any greater degree than it would be appropriate to harness the doves of Aphrodite with a chain bit meant for an unruly stallion. Pound feels himself to be suited to the "'sculpture' of rhyme" ("II") however.

The glow of porcelain
Brought no reforming sense
To his perception
Of the social inconsequence.

Thus, if her colour
Came against his gaze,
Tempered as if
It were through a perfect glaze

He made no immediate application
Of this to relation of the state
To the individual, the month was more temperate
Because this beauty had been.

Art, to him, is not "necessary" in the twentieth-century concept of this word. It cannot be utilized in a practical way and should not be produced to do so. The beauty of the art object is its own reason for being. ". . . the month was more temperate/Because this beauty had been."

Ezra Pound, Dylan Thomas, William Butler Yeats and Wallace Stevens, four twentieth-century poets, have given me

some answers to the questions aroused by my curiosity toward "the artist's problem." Each of these artists had little enthusiasm for an audience.

Yeats stands out in this particular group as proclaiming himself a prophet. Thomas makes no such claims. I felt that he considered himself a poet, no more. He wrote because it was his nature to write, not because he was an "unacknowledged legislator" or a teacher. Stevens, again, writes because he wants to do this. He is a singer of life. We might consider him a storyteller, as he holds as his forte the manipulation of characters. I found no clue to Pound's conception of his role as a poet, except indirectly perhaps in the implicit attitude that poets are better than most but do not receive the honor due them.

The problem of the artist is certainly a true problem I now realize. It is difficult for any person to work knowing he is ignored and misunderstood. The poet who is a force in any national life must be recognized if he is to perform his task enthusiastically and well.

◆

A Gamble

I bet them she could never be
A winning personality
But love for her has rolled the dice
And now I have to answer twice
 She is!
 She is!

● KAY LEITNER

The Snowbird



ALL the way to school, two miles of it, the wind bit its way along the road against them, as if, with winter, it had become a thing heavy, irritable, vindictive.

Lucie shivered under a grey coat, which looked as if it had been cut down to fit her. She shifted her school-books, used-looking also, between her left arm and side and poked her hands into her pockets.

"Wisht I'd worn my gloves," she said matter-of-factly, her voice clear and high, the words struggling out in puffs of steam. They came about waist-high to the boy on her right, who didn't stop his long strides but only aimed his words down and sideways so she could hear the scorn in them.

"Granny tole you to, stupid. It's your own fault if they're cold. Now, quit your whining and hurry up." As he spoke, he didn't look at his sister at all. He was watching the sky, which met the flat land with an unfamiliar grey aggressiveness at the horizon.

"Just be late then. See what Miss Stockwell says, little miss goody-goody."

She was already panting, trotting along like a puppy beside

a bicycle. "Bully," she gasped.

School was a white-shingled, one-room structure thrust bravely up from the bareness like a single tree in a desert. The other eleven pupils were already inside, ranged on benches. Miss Stockwell had a desk up front in view of the open door and she turned as Lucie walked up the single step and into the room. "Good morning, Miss Stockwell," she said, then turned and stepped sedately to the second grade bench. It was as if she were still hearing her grandmother say how her mother would want her to be a lady if she were still alive and hadn't been killed in the same pick-up with her father while delivering produce to town in the days of the big farm she couldn't remember. It had always been Granny, Lyle, herself, the stories, the chickens, the rundown house and strawberries in season. Already a boy and girl were sharing the bench. Lyle stood in the doorway. He was frowning. "I think it's fixing to rain pretty quickly," he offered.

"Come in and shut the door behind you, please," Miss Stockwell said. As Lyle strode to the last row she remarked to his back, "You'll notice the boys have already started a fire in the stove. They also stacked wood in here so we can be comfortable even if it does storm. See what you can do for others if you're on time?"

Lucie watched Lyle swing around on the last words as if they had cut him across the shoulders like the tip of a bull-whip and stare across the rows of heads at Miss Stockwell. She could see he wanted to speak. Probably that he was only late because he had been up since dawn fixing the water pump and feeding the chickens Granny had insisted on keeping when everything else had gone. She could almost feel him strain, but when everyone turned to look at him she was relieved that he only looked hard at her once and sat down.

Miss Stockwell glanced down at her desk and straightened a stack of books. Lucie remembered how her grandmother had once spoken in admiration of this teacher, a country-girl who had fought her way out to go to teacher's college. "Then after she got a set of progressive notions, they sent her right back to a one-room schoolhouse for practice." Lucie didn't understand but from the way Granny said it, she felt vaguely sorry for Miss Stockwell. Then the teacher spoke again.

"Tell me what animal you're going to report on for your nature project," she said to the class, forcing her voice into its by now professional groove. "You've had a whole week to think about the assignment. We'll start with you, Dewey," she added, smiling at the littlest and youngest, a black-banged boy with shy eyes and slow smile.

"Gater," he said.

"Alligator, good," she corrected.

Lucie's turn came and she looked up with honesty in her rather pale face and violet eyes. "I'm gonna tell about the Snowbird," she said.

The boy and the girl next to her giggled. "Aw, there's no such thing," the boy said.

Miss Stockwell was surprised. "Snowbird? Where did you ever hear of a Snowbird?"

"Granny tole us, didn't she, Lyle?" She turned around to her brother for support.

"Aw, your granny's nuts," the little boy said.

"Hush, Bill," Miss Stockwell said. "Sit down, Lyle. Bill didn't mean what he said. Did you, Bill?" At this new instance Lucie wondered why Granny was considered a little odd by the rest of the townspeople. Was it for hanging stubbornly onto a house and two children she was too old to manage, selling eggs for spending money, and wearing the same gingham bonnet summer and winter?

"No, Mum," Bill answered. "But there still isn't any such critter as Snowbird," he added.

"There is so," Lucie shouted. "Tell them, Lyle."

But Miss Stockwell said, "Never mind. Just you tell us about one, Lucie."

"You won't believe me." She spoke quietly now, unshakably.

"Bet you don't even know," Bill taunted.

"I do, I do. A Snowbird only comes in winter and he's all white and he sings like a sleigh bell almost and only a very few people have ever seen one."

"Why's that?" Dewey asked.

"Cause he's white against the snow. And besides most people don't know there is a Snowbird so they don't even see him when they're looking right at him."

"I don't believe you," said the little girl. The others all laughed but Lyle and Dewey and Miss Stockwell.

She said, "Don't you think you better pick another animal for your report? How about a squirrel? They're easier to see and besides you don't need snow to find them."

Lucie stood up. "I'll show you. I'll show you. I'll catch me a Snowbird. Granny saw one once and she tole me where to look." She caught up her coat from the bench and ran out the door, leaving the others to stare.

"Come back, you little fool," she heard Lyle shout. She headed parallel to the rutted, brown road where no dust was raised now by wind as it had been in the morning. The high grass was damp with pre-frost. Everything was dead and still, empty as an erased slate. The storm cloud had gathered till it blacked out the grey and it was right on top of everything. Lucie knew it wasn't an ordinary storm about to break.

The others would have to stay in now because the blizzard would snow them in. She could imagine Miss Stockwell parcelling out the wood for the stove and assuring everyone that the snow-plow would get to them soon enough. They had, most of them, weathered storms before.

Then Lucie heard Lyle's shouts and some other voices from far off. She ran a way down the road, then turned off into the weeds. She ran till she tired out and had to sit down. Lyle's voice carried well at first and she got up to run from it. "They won't

believe me, Granny. I'll show them." She ran. It was just earth and sky and bitter cold, void of any scenery as attractive as her idea.

The storm finally broke in sheets of driving snow. The wind had only been saving itself for sudden violence. Lucie stopped and stood in it, snow like needles on her face and wind like knives through her coat. Far away she heard the voices calling, muffled now.

"Snowbird? Snowbird?" she sang. "I know you're here." She sat down. "I'll wait for you."

There was no visibility for a long time and the snow piled up and drifted around her. She tried to get up once but her legs were asleep. The voices stopped. "Maybe they all went back to the schoolhouse to wait for me. But Granny said sit still and you'll see the Snowbird. Sing for me, Snowbird. I'll catch you first and then go back. Lyle will be surprised."

Just before she fell asleep she heard it. "Just like a sleigh-bell." She took her hands out of her pockets and reached them out in the direction of the sound. She couldn't feel it snow on them. She fell forward and the snow was like any other pillow. "I hear you, Snowbird," she sighed, "But I just can't see anything anymore. I bet you're right over there."

The men in the snowplow saw her as soon as it cleared, a little grey mound in the snow just off the road. The bells they had strung on the plow as a warning jangled sharply as the big machine lurched to a stop.



Out of Touch



with Reality

● MARIE LIGHT

TRAINED to an awareness of thought-provoking statements, I saved this one "College students are out of touch with reality" for further examination, after my initial reaction of "Out of touch with reality? Not me!"

Thus, a few minutes ago, I decided to examine this matter more thoroughly. A sub-conscious thought became conscious and it occurred to me that, in order to be truly fair with myself (as prosecutor and defendant), I must have a definition of reality. This was an embarrassing process. Almost every definition would have made a philosophy student do a double-take for its sheer complexity. Finally both sides agreed on "reality equals modern situations."

A common ground had been found and the debate was on.

Haec: (prosecutor) You, as a college student, are out of touch with reality.

Illa: (defendant) Knowing me as well as you do, I don't see how you can say that.

Haec: It's quite simple. Let me take a common occurrence. Tell me exactly what you do when you get on the bus.

Illa: This is ridiculous. Pay the fare.

Haec: How do you pay the fare?

Illa: Since the price has gone up, with a quarter.

Haec: What do you do with the quarter?

Illa: Drop it in the slot.

Haec: Ah ha! There, you see, you've proved my point.

Illa: This was to be an intellectual conversation. What does paying bus fare have to do with being out of touch with reality?

Haec: Name one time in the last month you haven't tried to drop a quarter in a slot meant only for dimes and nickels.

Illa: That could happen to anyone. The price became a quarter at the same time the meters were changed. It's only natural if you have a quarter to pay with a quarter.

Haec: The meters were changed over six months ago. You're probably the only existing transit customer who consistently hears the driver say "Lady, you'll have to get that changed." What was it that one driver said when you all but doubled it in half to get it in the slot?

Illa: I was only trying to pay the fare.

Haec: Now I remember. Wasn't it "Did you every try the back-side of a teaspoon handle, Lady? They say it helps."

Illa: That's only an isolated incident.

Haec: By the way, how's our thumb?

Illa: Feels fine, why?

Haec: Still think we should have tetanus shots?

Illa: Tetanus shots? I don't understand.

Haec: It's not every person who, after getting her thumb caught between the alarm screw and the time-setting screw, claims she was bitten by an alarm clock. That's strictly an archaic viewpoint, preIndustrial Revolution at least.

Illa: They didn't have alarm clocks before the Industrial Revolution.

Haec: A technicality. Tell me is there a modern man caught in a modern situation like that, who would personify an alarm clock? I say there isn't.

Illa: But, look at our modern reality or modern situations, they're all artificial. A horse or elephant would be a real method of transportation while a bus is a contrived one. The sun used to be man's alarm; now he either doesn't sleep because of the pendulum motion in his mind of the tick-tock, or he is awakened by the nerve-jarring jangle of a \$3.98 alarm.

Haec: You're advocating "back to nature"?

Illa: I'm only presenting the theory that a modern man who is seemingly out of touch with reality, is, probably, more in touch with reality. Correct change or attention while winding the alarm, after all, is not a factor in, say, world revolution.

Haec: How about a cup of instant coffee?

Illa: Real cream or otherwise?

Haec: Otherwise.

Aptitude Test



“Under the figure
Of the young girl
Find the old witch.”
Those are instructions
But I am bewitched,
For there is the witch
And where is the girl?

The Backward Glance

Wherein the author recaptures for us the vivid recollection of her childhood nightmares

● GRACE BARTHOLOME

How can I ever forget the many significant happenings, the many important events in my life! Yet perhaps I should place this thought in the form of a question. How can I forget these haunting memories of my childhood days? The remembrance of my first date, on which I didn't go because my mother thought sixth grade was too early to start dating, is one of bitter disappointment. I had a "crush" to beat all crushes on Henry Jameson (purely fictitious—to protect myself) and I could have "died," just died. Of course, shortly afterward Ricky Nelson's big, drooping eyes had a tantalizing effect on me and I wrote him a mad, and I mean *mad*, love letter, which I'm sure outdid the best of any of Elizabeth Browning's. Here is one of the lines of that precious letter: "If, when you come, I have withered away, take my crumpled hand and hold it in thine own. Only if you promise this, can I die in peace!" I never sent it—I was too shy.

There were repeated accidents, too, such as the time Joanie stabbed me in the wrist with a scissors, accidentally naturally, and narrowly missed a vein; or the time we were racing up the stairs and I split my head against the wall because I couldn't stop. Nevertheless, there were other events just as pitiful as these. Once in grade school I had to model a bathing suit in a fashion show and all the boys told me I had fat legs. Still in this same grade school I sent a letter to Pres. Eisenhower telling him that, though I didn't really want him for President, I thought he would

do, and he wrote back and thanked me very much!

However, of all these memories, whether good or bad, my most vivid recollections are of my childhood nightmares. I have a feeling that my nightmares were unique. Did you ever have nightmares in series? Or did you ever have certain nightmares only in a certain room? Please don't ask for any explanations—I'm not Freud. All I can tell you is what they were about and approximately at what age they plagued me. I refuse to delve into reasons—why I was afflicted with nightmares or why I dreamed about the things I did. No one likes discovering unpleasant facts about one's self. My dreams were unpleasant enough without an analysis. In the beginning there were crocodiles, or alligators,—I never took the trouble to find out which. This was the Afraid-of-all-Animals-Age, and I'm sure you know at what age that is. Then my fear of animals became a fear of monsters, especially of vampires from Brazil. As I grew older these monsters became men. There seems to be some obvious connection there, but maybe I just put it wrong. What I mean is that I no longer dreamed about monsters but about men. That doesn't sound right either. Instead of dreaming of terrifying monsters, I dreamed of hideous men. I think that brings across the idea. In other words, when I was a little child, I was afraid of large animals, just like any other little child, and had very frightening dreams about them. When I grew into the realm of books and movies I could read about the fictitious monsters from other planets or about the vampires from Brazil, and the thought of the unknown filled my imagination with many highly colored pictures. Then as I "moved out a little" into the world, I began to see how horrible looking—I mean, how many different and strange people there were around me. Thus these scenes occupied my imagination day and night.

My first "set" of nightmares, as I already related to you, were about animals, the beasts of the forest, the brutes of the jungle, the creatures of the zoo. However, it wasn't that simple. The type of animal differed with each room I slept in. In my first bedroom I had nightmares about alligators, or perhaps they were crocodiles. They would crawl out of the closet and approach my bed with open jaws. They became so real that when I woke up in the middle of the night I could almost see their gleaming eyes. Each night before climbing into bed I would carefully close the closet door and cautiously peek under my bed—to make sure none had escaped during the day. The thought of leaving the

closet door open brought such terrible images to my mind that I began shuddering before I had even pulled the covers over my head.

In the next few months I was transferred to another room, right across the hall. I still had nightmares, they still had the same effect on me. Yet there were two things different. For one, the closet door stuck and would never quite close. Secondly, the animal advancing from the closet was no longer crocodile but gorilla—big, huge, hairy apes who could take you in their tremendous arms and crush you into an amorphous pulp. Horrible, horrible! I was only too glad to be moved to another room.

Freedom at last, I thought, even though every once in a while, one might come creeping down the hall to find me and to curse me with his presence. I was happy for a while, though, and I slept many sleepful nights. Then one night I heard noises in the attic above me (I could swear to it!)—thumping footsteps, cackling laughter, and muffled talking. One morning I awoke at five o'clock and I very distinctly smelled the odor of bacon. I was sure the men up in the attic were cooking breakfast, and no doubt they thought no one would be awake at five o'clock. How I ever figured this out at five a.m. I don't know because usually my mind doesn't start operating until about nine o'clock. After this fearful episode my dreams were constantly troubled with fearful men and their fearful deeds. One of these dreams in particular I can remember. It used to run in a regular series, just like *The Lone Ranger* or *The Real McCoys*. The horrible man in this series always wore a tan suit and a dowdy tan hat, something like Tom Mix used to wear. (I never saw Tom Mix but I would imagine he'd wear something like this.) Anyway, this man was a salesman, a salesman who sold lipstick. Nothing heinous about this so far. We would all run when we saw him though and time after time I failed to get one of the little children or myself into the house on time. We panicked when we saw his old (tan) car with the tire on the back coming slowly down the street. For you see, this revolting, malignant man shot pins from his lipstick cases, pins that stung a person's flesh until he was rolling on the street in agony. He would deceive the person into thinking that it was lipstick he was selling, but once he pulled the top off he would shoot the person again and again with his deadly pins. Finally these dreams stopped. Perhaps my imagination was tired

of thinking up new serials. After that I had no nightmares for a long time. In fact I never have any interesting nightmares anymore, at least not as interesting as the nightmares of yore. Then they were the result of my vivid child's imagination; now I'm afraid they are the result of vivid indigestion.



The Juvenescence of the Year

The tiger sang in the evening mist
Of the dripping jungle
It was a crying sort of song
He sang.

His litter mates have gone away
To their own jungles,
And he sings alone down the trail
Of his hunting.

Such despairing hunger he sings,
Casting fear
Into the hearts of the lesser ones
He hunts.

The peace of the jungle is broken
With his cry
And the rain slides down the trees
He passes.

● NANCY SCHMITZ

Amigo

Mio



One lock of his dun-colored hair kept falling over his high forehead. His dark eyes were already too large for his thin face and looked even larger now as he manfully blinked to hold back the tears that kept coming.

"But, Mom, why can't I have a parakeet?"

His mother had her back to him. She was facing the sink, washing dishes and didn't see the tears.

"Tommy, we've been through this, how many times now? You know I just don't want one of those messy things around the house. They're just too much bother."

"They aren't messy, Mom, and it wouldn't be any trouble to you. I'd take care of it I told you."

"That's what you told me about the dog too, and every night you and your sister fuss over whose turn it is to feed him."

"That's what I mean, Mom. That's exactly what I mean. Buster's okay for a day, but he's Janie's dog too. If I got the parakeet it'd be all mine, and I'd take such good care of it. I'd teach it to talk and he could come sit on my shoulder and we could talk together."

"I'll tell you what, I'll take you shopping Saturday and we'll

look at that new locomotive you've been wanting. You'll even have enough money to get that extra length of track. You'd like that wouldn't you?"

"You mean 'no'?" he asked softly.

His mother turned around and saw the tears he could no longer restrain. She went and sat next to him and patted his shoulder.

"Yes, I do mean I would rather you didn't buy a bird with your birthday money."

"Mom," he almost whispered, "It's what I want more than anything in the world."

"I can see that . . . But if you get one we'll have to have it understood that the very first time you don't take care of it we'll have to get rid of it."

When Tommy told his sister that he was going to get the parakeet she laughed at him and wouldn't believe it. But then their mother said yes it was true and wasn't that nice. Janie said she didn't think it was nice.

So Tommy and his mother went parakeet shopping. The excited little boy considered each bird in each store, but they were in and out of several stores before he found his bird. It was smaller than the other ones in the cage. Instead of the pleasing blue feathers of the others it was colored a shrill green. Tommy put his hand on the cage and the bird came over and nipped his finger.

"This is the one I want."

"This one? Do you think it's as pretty as the others?"

"Oh, Mom, I don't care if he's beautiful or not. Look, you can tell he likes me."

His mother was skeptical about the merits of this rather odd bird, but it was what the boy wanted. The proprietor of the shop

seemed insulted when she asked if the bird could be taught to talk. All their birds talked. He gave Tommy a book of instructions on how to care for and train the bird.

They took it home and installed its cage in the dining room, over Janie's objections. He had already selected a name for it—Mio.

"Mio, Tommy?"

"Yes, Mio. M-I-O."

It was short for Amigo Mio, but he didn't want to tell them that.

Tommy then gave himself up to utter devotion to his bird. He would greet it the first thing in the morning and hurry home from school, afternoons, because the book said parakeets had to get used to their new surroundings and to the people around them before they would begin to talk.

"When's that bird going to get used to you?" Janie wanted to know. "He's had enough time, I'd say. I bet the dumb thing never learns to talk."

Weeks passed and the bird was still mute. One afternoon Tommy arrived home from school and began his usual ministrations.

"Tommy, didn't you have scout meeting this afternoon?"

"Yes, but I didn't go. I had to come home to spend more time with Mio. I don't think he's getting used to me like he should. He's not learning to talk very fast."

More weeks passed and the bird sat quietly on its perch and stared blankly out of its cage.

The boy never doubted that some day soon, just any day now, the bird would speak. His mother and father hoped that the bird would learn to talk for their son's sake. They even took to talking to it and coaxing it when the boy was out of ear-shot.

One day he came home from school and his mother told him, "Tommy, I think Mio is finally going to talk."

"You mean he talked to you?" he asked wistfully.

"No, but this morning when I turned on the vacuum cleaner, he made the same kind of noise."

"That's not talking, Mom. But then maybe instead of talking, he's going to learn to imitate noises."

And so Tommy worked in that direction, trying to call the bird's attention to the jet plane overhead or the electric-mixer in the kitchen. But he worked to no avail. After the one vacuum-cleaner incident, Mio remained stolidly silent. Besides, Tommy had only his mother's word that that ever happened.

"I always knew it was a stupid bird. I just knew you wouldn't be able to teach it to talk." Janie was triumphant.

"Well, I'm not giving up yet."

One afternoon he arrived home with his customary eagerness to be with Mio. His mother met him at the door.

"Tommy, wait a minute. I have something to tell you. Something happened to Mio today."

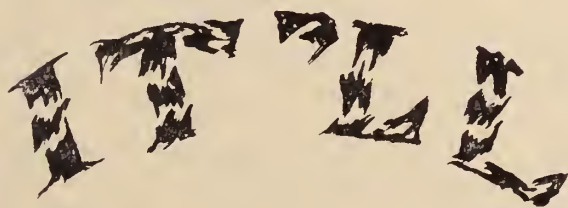
Tommy's eyes lit up, "He talked!" It was more an exclamation than a question. "What did he say?"

But then he saw in his mother's face that what had happened to Mio was not something happy.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked as he started toward the cage. But he stopped. He could see what she was trying to tell him. He could see the familiar green feathers, but Mio was not on his perch. He was lying on the bottom of the cage. Disbelief mounted up and formed a tight knot in the boy's throat, but a wave of comprehension told him it was true. His muscles tightened and he became as rigid as the body in the cage. Tommy's dark eyes widened and they burned with unshedable tears as he gazed upon Mio, dead and still silent.

FRAGILE

If you don't
want to
Break a chunk
of
Peanut Brittle



The Desecration



WHEN Anna was ten, Anna was, even then, waiting to fall in love. She liked to read and often read her older sister's books, many of which were about love. Such glowing stories she held close: of pioneer girls who fell in love and married at the ages of fifteen or sixteen. These hazy happy stories she dreamed to live: of moonlit spring proms and tall blonde football heroes and the delicacy of a first kiss. These dreams she hallowed in her heart, and she longed for the time when she, too, would be sixteen, for then she was sure she would fall in love.

The fall of her junior year ushered in a coming-out year for Anna. She had begun at last to get a hold on her adolescence. The unhappy first two years of high school were behind her with her tall and thin ungainliness, the braces on her teeth, and her acute shyness of people, especially of boys.

Still did she long to be sixteen as she had through those times of trial when her dreams had been a rope on which to pull herself forward out of her fears. Many mixers she had attended in terror

trying to seem calm and lovely and graceful, but not knowing what to say, how to walk, or when to mar the tautness of her face with a smile. But now, at last, she had conquered her fears and the arduous mixers and dances had trained her well. She was a junior. She no longer wore ugly braces and she didn't feel so tall, since the boys were finally sprouting their man's growth. She was confident, for was she not nearly sixteen?

She awoke on her birthday then, that autumn, and a hush seemed to grow within and to sanctify her. Soon now, surely soon, she would be bestowed with the holiness of a first love. The blue blessed sky shone above her that day and her long brown hair fell as a mantle as she walked beneath the golden trees of fall.

When the days passed and nothing happened, she began to doubt just a tiny bit but then she would think that surely since she was sixteen the time must be ready and so she waited patiently, believingly, for the happening.

That year their high school football team played its last game out of town and a number of the students decided to go by bus to see the game since the team was so far undefeated for the season. Anna went also with some of her friends. It was a delirious game full of fantastic touchdowns and overwhelming cheering, and when the team from Anna's school won, a victory-celebration was proposed for the next evening in their home gym.

The bus ride back was tight-strung with a conquering spirit and Anna, too, was taken up in the mood of events. She and her girl friends had been talking to some of the boys on the way down. On the return trip, Anna felt as though she were sitting back and away watching her own flippancy and marveling at her poise. There was one boy with whom she spoke in particular. He wasn't a football hero but he was a big name on campus, editor of the school paper, Bob Thompson. He was paying special attention to her and she knew it. When they finally reached the town and debarked from the bus, going each his way, Bob told Anna he would see her the next evening at their victory hop. Anna went home floating in dreams of fulfillment, thinking that perhaps even then she was falling in love.

With special care she dressed the next night, anointing her-

self with slightly scented perfume and adorning her neck with a single pearl. Her green wool dress complimented her brown hair and her soft, green eyes. Before she left the room, she glanced at the book which lay open on her desk at the page where she'd last stopped reading that day, and a glow was within her at the thought of the written warmth which was about to become real for her.

Anna entered the gym. Its lights were turned low, hiding the stains on the ceiling and concealing in shadow the circular grandstands that hulked upwards into the dimness.

"This dance is mine, Anna." It was Bob there at her side.

"Oh, yes!" she breathed.

She danced with the music bearing her high and she felt that it was happening: she was actually crossing the threshold and what she seemed to see before her was lovely to behold. She softly laughed when Bob whispered into her ear, not noticing how he looked about the gym ever so often as though he were expecting to see someone. Later in the evening then, when they went out into the cool autumn air, standing with the hard gravel drive beneath them and the stars above them, and Bob bent his head gently towards hers, she received his kiss and felt it was the reverent consummation.

They returned to the gym. Bob carefully removed his handkerchief from his pocket, then slowly and purposefully wiped his lips, looking all the while at a girl in a blue dress who glared at him from the dance floor where she was dancing with a tall, dark-haired boy.

Bob turned and took Anna by the arm. He led her towards several chairs that had been set up against the side walls. When they sat down, he put his arm around the back of her chair, and talked softly with her.

After a while she excused herself and went to the powder-room. The powder-room was brightly lighted and gay with laughter. As Anna combed her hair, smiling slightly to herself, she heard two voices raised a little above the high chatter of the other girls.

"Did you see that silly Anna Perkins falling for Bob Thompson's line?"

"Yes. It's working though—for *him*. You could see that Mary was green jealous."

Anna stood staring into the mirror. Her lips burned as did her ears and the tight place inside her ". . . that silly Anna Perkins . . ."

She turned swiftly and straight-backed, she walked towards the door. She got her coat from the cloak room and went to the exit. Then Bob was at her side with his slow broad smile. He said something which she couldn't hear and she only stared at him with wide, disbelieving eyes then turned and half ran the rest of the way from the gym.

"Anna! What's wrong? Come back!" Bob started after her but she slipped in among the parked cars in the dark, graveled lot. She could hear him now, calling as she stumbled on toward the street. So taut was her chest and so silently fell her tears. She reached home and went straight to her room. The book she had glanced at so gladly on her way out of the room a few hours earlier lay yet upon her desk with its tale of printed love spread open to her sight. That sort of love she had believed in and it had become sacred to her in her waiting for it! Now she shoved the book off the desk, slumped on the bed, and wept for the tearing of her dreams, for the love she had hoped for. Her special idea of love had been stripped of its veiling, had been desecrated.



Short Lines of Commiseration to the Hero
Of the Play by Edmond Rostand

Cyrano,
I too know!

HULLABALLOO of AZILLABAZEE

Once upon Azillabazee
(that's a mountain to you and me)
lived a king called Hullaballoo
(that's a noise to me and you)
grew a beard long as the sea
Almost . . .

Hullaballoo upon the peak
wanted a woman who couldn't speak
looked below to beg a bride
smiling, a hostess at his side
to welcome the guests who planned to sneak
Up on Him . . .

He was expecting inspectors weird
investigating his mighty beard
Smith, Smythe and Schmitz to visit
asking and testing, "Really, is it?"
men of science who never feared
Except Sometimes . . .

All of a sudden Hully spied
the speechless girl to be his bride
wondered at the strange safari
investigators Secretary!
scratched his crown and sat and sighed
(sniffle)

Then the king decided to sneeze
flung his beard out on the breeze
bride-to-be gave out with a scream
down came crashing royal dream
and sweating inspectors on their knees
AFRAID . . .

"It's alive." they cried, turned and fled
help his fiancée said and said
so sits the king upon his throne
ruling Azillabazee alone
O what a fate, he shakes his head
in relief.

My Memories of War

● SAISAMORN SONGSIRIDET

“**W**AR!” how I hate the word, nobody knows. I shiver every time I hear the word “WAR!” Many people do not know what war is like. They might think they do from listening to others and seeing motion pictures. But I know the horrors of war from my own experience.

People from the West who have been to my country call it the “Venice of the East.” I have not been to Venice myself. I have only heard that people use boats instead of cars to go places. Well, we do not travel in quite the same way. We have as many streets for cars as rivers or klongs (canals) for boats, or even more so in the capital, Bangkok. Bangkok is everything to the country: port of entry, center of communication, center of industry, center of commerce.

Though I was only six, I did not know much about what was going on, but something told me that fearful things were happening.

One morning when I awoke and got ready to go to school, my mother told us that there would not be any school and she would like very much for us to play in the house. That same day we saw soldiers marching through the streets all day long. This had never happened before.

After that day we never went back to school. My mother and the servants started to put things away. One night my mother carried me downstairs in the dark. My father was calling for my

brothers and sisters to see if they were all there. I was in my mother's arms shivering. All night long we heard the planes flying, the bombing, and the shooting.

Next morning we saw smoke everywhere. Luckily it was not any place close to us. The sirens of fire-engines and ambulances roared practically all day.

The grown-ups in our family packed what was necessary for everyone and we all left Bangkok that afternoon. We traveled by boat for quite some time and came to a town called Tonebury. From that day on we did not get to see much of my father and mother, except at night. They traveled back and forth between Bangkok and Tonebury trying to keep up with their business and take care of us.

The first year the situation was not too bad. Only at night time were we aware of the killing. But as time passed it was not only at night, but, more frequently, morning and afternoon too. Then we were not only worried if we were saved but also worried about our parents and trembled with fear. Nobody could eat or sleep until the boat showed up with our parents. They too worried about us until they could get back to us and see that we were all right.

The most horrible scene I have ever seen was when the city was invaded by the planes for two nights and one day almost without a break. They bombed and fired at the ground, and they too were shot at. When the planes left us the following morning, my parents took a boat back to Bangkok immediately to see if their place was all right. I went with them because I was too scared to stay away from them. After an hour and a half our boat got through the klong, and we came to the main river of the country, Menam Choophrya. There I saw the most horrible sight in my life. The clean clear river had been changed into a cemetery: bodies of dead men, women, and children floating everywhere along with the ruins of the houses which used to stand steadily on the river banks. It took the City Service three days to pick up the bodies that were floating on the river alone. It took months to clear up the river. The scene was so terrible that I used to have nightmares and dreamt about that scene for years. And every time I hear the word "WAR" I think of bodies floating on Menam Choophrya, and I am frightened.

Worth Writing About



Two days ago I decided to become a writer! It all started in my short story class. We were discussing William Faulkner and Sister was telling us that the reason for Faulkner's success was the fact that he loved, observed, and understood people. "Really," she laughed, "that's all it takes to write a story!" I guess this sort of passed over my head at the time, but it must have vaguely registered on my brain and was just lying dormant until the right moment of inspiration.

I was sitting in the smoker after class wondering whether to go into Blackwood or follow Goren and bid six no-trump when someone started talking about the movie rights for *Return to Peyton Place* being sold for \$250,000.00. *****INSPIRATION***** Why not be a writer? If she can do it, why can't you? Love, observe, and understand people, there's your recipe in a nutshell.

First off, I decided to write a love story because it's filled with love and feeling and emotion and what could be more perfect? When I was still young and curious, I had read a few stories in *True Confessions* and they're very elemental, really. I could probably whip off one in an hour or so.

I got the first sentence, "I should have known that Ben was no good but even at that first accidental meeting, I knew we were going to fall in love," and the last sentence, "But I learned a lot in those two years and I feel I can now face the future and forget

the past and Ben: part of me is dead, the carefree laughing me, but tomorrow is a brighter day". I guess it was a pretty good start, only I didn't have the faintest idea what might have made the carefree laughing girl die inside.

Concluding that this just wasn't my type of writing, I hit on the idea of composing something technical. This was more "college level" anyway! This took me to the library in search of technical topics. But after I got there, I couldn't find a suitable subject; there just isn't anything very loving or human you can say about the composite parts of the atom or some proposed theoretical hypothesis. So what could I do now? It was four o'clock and I hadn't written one thing yet. Observe, observe, came the inspiration. Okay, so I observed.

To my left was a sprightly looking little man with rosy cheeks, a gritty beard and unbelievably clear blue eyes. He kept asking the girl to bring him history books on World War I. Ah-ha, he's an old soldier living in the past. He was probably a big war hero and had been forgotten by everyone. He was trying to revive past glories. Suddenly I noticed he wasn't reading at all but kept lifting this paper sack to his mouth—*drinking*, in the library! I looked away in disgust. Some war hero!

Then I noticed a rather handsome man about 29 sitting at the next table. He had crisp black hair, the wavy type girls are always supposed to want to brush off the forehead, and little laugh lines at his eyes and mouth, a hearty tan and a very determined look in his dark eyes. He didn't have on the symbolic gold band and was very attractive. My mind started racing. A lawyer, I decided, laboring on an important criminal case; he's very engrossed in his work and doesn't have time for girls but they're all crazy about him. Here was a real story. I could see him being vainly pursued by beautiful girls. Probably he drives a sports car and . . . at this moment, he stood up and briskly walked over to the files. He was gaining weight around the middle and had on the baggiest pair of trousers I've ever seen on a man *his* age. It made the whole story seem rather dull because who wants to read about a fat hero.

There weren't many people left in the room and it was getting late. I was running out of characters to observe. A Buffalo Bill type with yellowed-white hair and beard was over in the corner en-

grossed in some books on Freudian psychology, and an old maid school teacher sort, with mounds of artificial cherries piled high on a straw hat, was barely visible over the film-strip machine. French movies, I thought wryly, but no stories here. I decided to give up and go home. Writing was definitely not the career for me.

As I walked the three blocks to the bus station, I couldn't imagine why I had ever come downtown or why I had ever entertained the crazy idea of becoming a writer. I had followed Sister's wise advice but hadn't been able to conceive one plot.

There was a half hour wait for the next bus, so I decided to go into the ladies lounge and freshen up. I didn't notice her at first. I was too busy combing my hair and performing the unsuccessful ritual known as making yourself more attractive, when I saw a woman lying on the rather dilapidated couch intended for weary travelers.

"Hi," she smiled brightly as she noticed I was looking at her.

She was ugly and sad-looking. Her faded hair hung in limp and greasy sausage curls like matted straw. Her face was dried and blotchy, with a shiny overtone like a polished but completely dry and fruitless lemon. But, like two enormous lumps of coal, her eyes stared at me, almost daring me to speak.

"Where are you goin'?" came her nasal question.

"Home," I replied curtly and began to put my comb and lipstick into my bag.

Her face brightened, "I live in Jefferson City and I'm goin' home too," and she smiled as if I should be very pleased to hear this. She swung her legs heavily to the floor and self-consciously straightened her wrinkled dress, made of some horribly gaudy print. Then her eyes clouded, "My fella's waiting for me at home."

I could imagine what kind of home she was going to. I'd seen enough of her kind in Seymour, the small town where I was born. Poor white trash, who are always receiving baskets of food at Christmas time or being given old clothes that they aged further

until they fell off their backs from filth and wear. Then they didn't even appreciate the kind ladies or church circles that had tried to help them, but were content to remain in the mire. They cursed, they drank, and would sell themselves for a dollar.

"I was here for an operation," she told me. "I had bad—bad kidney trouble and almost died. Why the Doc told me I was sure lucky to be alive and he had to make a real long cut and I got a terrible scar," her voice had softened to a low moan.

I merely looked at her blankly, and then furtively at the door, ready to make a quick exit.

"Do you know Paul James? He lives here in Kansas City," she continued with a sudden change of tone as if she wanted to forget the operation.

I almost laughed. Out of all the people in this town, why should I or why would I know Paul James. "No!" and I closed my bag with what I hoped was a silencing click but the clasp didn't catch or something and spilling all over the floor in every direction went comb, kleenex, lipstick, bobbypins, papers and all the other things girls seem to find so indispensable for purses.

"Let me help," she had scrambled off the couch and was on her hands and knees grasping my fallen articles.

"No, don't!" I almost shouted. "No, no, I'll get them," I managed in a quieter tone and I could feel her suddenly stiffen straight up.

"I wasn't goin' to take anything," she protested with a pleading voice. "I just wanted to help."

"No, no," I stammered, "that's not it" and I tried to smile reassuringly, but I was beginning to feel sick and I just wanted to get away. Silently we picked up my things from the floor and as she knelt close to me to put the retrieved items in my purse, she raised one tired and thin hand to my hair and touched it lightly. "You have such pretty hair . . . I once had pretty hair, long beautiful shining hair and it was naturally blond, too. Johnny used to tell me I had the prettiest hair he'd ever seen." We were both kneeling, facing each other and her eyes bored into mine. "I was

young and beautiful then," she continued in a sing-song tone reminiscent of days long since past. But like a wounded animal she suddenly hissed, "Now I'm old and ugly . . . Do you know I'm twenty-six years old? Isn't twenty-six supposed to be young? Am I young?"

I felt the sickness choking me and I blindly grabbed my purse and tried to stand up.

She grasped my wrist, "Wait, don't go yet," she pleaded. We had both risen to our feet. "Please," she begged, "please don't say no again."

"No," I blurted, "really, I have to catch my bus."

She let go my arm and looked at me for one suffocating second with pain in her eyes that seemed to be coming from the very depths of her being. Her mouth twisted and she said, "I didn't have no kidney operation. I just had an abortion."

Motionless we stood there, staring at each other, and then she gave a shuddering sigh, rocked forward on her toes, and her whole body trembled as she crooned softly, "My baby, oh God, my baby."

The biting wind hit me full in the face as I ran out to the bus. Forget it, forget it, I told myself, as I vainly tried to calm the nausea that had come upon me. I fell heavily into one of the empty seats on the bus. I had to find something to do. I had to forget, to forget, to forget and all the while I felt the sickness that was growing and welling up inside and trying to strangle me. For a stunned moment I sat there completely numb and finally, with a trembling hand I forced myself to pick up my notebook and try to study. Mechanically I opened it but the words swam in front of my eyes . . . "Faulkner won the Nobel Prize in 1953 and upon acceptance he stated" . . . but the words ran into one another, playing some game, tumbling on to other lines, whirling up to meet me, to mock me, when suddenly, everything came sharply into focus . . . "upon acceptance he stated, 'The young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself, which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about . . .'"

